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AUCTIONEERING IN CALIFORNIA

The reporter of the San Francisco News
 publishes that paper with the following
 motto of a speech made by a California
 auctioneer:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I now have
 the honor of putting up a fine pocket handker-
 chief, a yard wide and long, and almost a yard
 thick. One half cotton, and t'other half cot-
 ton, too; beautifully printed with the stars
 and stripes on one side, and the stripes and
 stars on t'other; it will wipe dust from the
 cheeks so completely as to be death to dema-
 gues, and make politics as a bad business
 printing papers; its great length, breadth
 and thickness together with its dark color
 will enable it to hide dirt—and never need
 washing going at one dollar!—seventy-five
 cents!—fifty cents!—twenty-five cents!—one
 dollar!—on t'other it will wipe dust from the
 cheeks so completely as to be death to dema-
 gues." "Next gentlemen, (for the ladies won't
 be permitted to bid on this article) is a real, sin-
 cerely tempered, highly polished, keen-
 edged Stielfield razor; a spank new;
 never opened before to sunlight, moonlight
 daylight, or gaslight, sharp enough
 to shave a lawyer, or cut a disagreeable en-
 emy in two, and to cut a link out of buck-
 skin, with all the dices broken out of the
 game, of pure gold, who will give two dol-
 ars one dollar! half a dollar! Why ye long
 forarded, dirty leged reprobrates, with not
 one cent enough on your phizzes for a Chinese
 man to kiss, I'm offering you a bargain at
 one dollar! half a dollar! In this strip
 half a dollar!—razor and strip and man
 together, two rubs upon it will sharpen a citi-
 zen'sorney; all four bits! and a piece of soap-
 water than roses; latlers better than a
 steamroller, and strong enough to wash out
 the stains from a California politician's
 face, and to cut, for four bits—why ye have
 a good use for this razor and soap, under
 your pillow at night, to wake up a man
 clean shaved when't anybody give two
 cents, then for the lot! I knew I would
 sell."

"Next ladies and gentlemen, I offer three
 air socks, horse, stocking or half hose, just
 as ye're used to call them. Knit by a ma-

SWEET INNOCENCE.—A young lady of Harrisburg, Pa., was out riding a few days since. The horse commenced kicking, when she in the simplest manner, requested her companion to get out and hold the horse's leg, or he might injure the vehicle.

✎ Notwithstanding the proverb that "poverty is no crime," yet a man without money is invariably set down by the world as one devoid of *principal*.

Mr. Shortpocket says he has a very large income. At least seventy-five duns come into his place every day.

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.—Let your cheek mantle with blushes, when you think of being niggardly in the cost of your wife's mantle. Surely your wife ought to be dear to you.

BIRDS.—Birds are the poor man's music,
and flowers the poor man's poetry.

BEER. Mean spirits under disappointment,
like small beer in a thunder storm, always
turn sour.

To Catch Mice.—Place sweetmeats in your mouth on going to bed, and keep your mouth wide open. When you feel the whiskers of the mouse, *bite!*

23 A servant-maid, who was occupied in pickling her mistress's cabbages, took the opportunity of cabbaging her mistress's pickles, saying it made no difference.